

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

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Our Dumb Animals.

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HENRY SALTONSTALL Treasurer.
FRANK B. FAY Secretary.
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ADDRESS

OF

REV. WILLIAM R. ALGER,

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THIS SOCIETY, MARCH 29, 1870.

When the Secretary of this Association, some weeks since, asked me to be one of the speakers on the present occasion, I told him I would prepare a little address on the subject of the limits to the right of men over the lives of the lower creatures. Accordingly, I took some pains to think out that subject, and establish what seemed to me to be the truth of the matter; but now, that we are here together, the lateness of hour, the fullness of the report to which we have listened, and the number of gentlemen whose voices you are impatient to hear, all combine to tell me it would be out of place to present any such address to you. I will therefore leave it behind, and throw out, on the spur of the moment, one or two thoughts which seem to be appropriate.

Undoubtedly the assembly sympathizes so deeply with the purpose and spirit of this society that any argument in behalf of them would be superfluous; and yet it would be inappropriate not to give some expression to what we think and feel in recognition of its claims, though argument be not needed. It has been a great pleasure to me, as I know it has been to all who have read the little paper issued monthly by this Society, to trace, step by step, from month to month, the progress it has made in various directions

of its enterprise. It has been a pleasure to recognize the great ability and variety of interest of that paper, and to feel that it could not fail to be the means of accomplishing a great and good work. I have known that paper to be read by teachers, during the brief interim in school hours, to their pupils, who would listen almost breathlessly to the various anecdotes and illustrations of the spirit of humanity and tenderness contained in its columns. That paper must be exerting a great deal of good influence, read as it is by many thousands more than those whose names appear upon its subscription list.

TWO FORMS OF CRUELTY.

The work proposed by this society is much deeper and wider than would at first sight appear. It is no less than the cultivation of the tenderest spirit of human sympathy; to extend as well as to refine that spirit in the two forms, negative and positive, by opposing every manifestation of the spirit of cruelty, and by recommending and illustrating the manifestation of the positive spirit of sympathetic kindness. Cruelty has been said to be of two forms, and to exist in two classes of people; the cruelty of the callous and insensible, and the cruelty of the vindictive and revengeful; but the distinction is more in sound than in fact, for they both rest upon one foundation; they both imply a lack of imaginative sensibility. All cruelty in man towards his fellows, or towards lower creatures, comes from lack of the power spontaneously to go out of himself and into the other person or creature, and think and feel from that point of view. When a teamster cruelly beats his horse because he is fatigued or frightened and stumbles or shies, what is the meaning of it, when reduced to its ultimate form but this: "Why don't you do what I want you to do? that is, suppress your own mind by the adoption of mine!" And is not that too much to ask of any creature, human or animal? The God who made every creature gave every one its own mind, and it has a right to the assertion and use of that mind. All that may be added to its nature is the grace of education, but all attempts to suppress and put out its own mind is sheer and inexcusable tyranny. When a horse staggers or baulks from weariness or fright it ought to be soothed, comforted and encouraged, just as a man should be under the same circumstances.

MAN'S RIGHT.

Were we to analyze the subject of the right of man over inferior creatures the result would be summed up in these two principles; the limits of that right are necessity and utility. So far as it is neces-

sary for man, for his own protection or advantage, to suppress lower creatures, he has the right to do so; and so far as it is necessary for any great and permanent utility that right is given to him. For example, if a brood of caterpillars gets into your apple-tree you have a right to destroy them; but, suppose you are travelling in a distant forest and see a nest of caterpillars doing no harm to anybody, and you stop to kill them, merely out of wantonness, to exert your power or express your dislike of them, it is an unwarrantable act of cruelty. In the first case, it is justifiable; in the second case, not.

FOUNTAINS.

The first time I saw the manifestation of the hand of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it was not in the direction that is indicated by its title, but its opposite. It deserved, it seemed to me, to be called rather "The Society for the Cultivation of Kindness to Animals;" for coming by the corner of Beacon and Charles Streets, I saw a farmer who had driven in his team from the country, stop at that drinking fountain, and while his horse was drinking at one reservoir and his dog at another he drank from the third, and when he had quenched his thirst he came round and patting his horse on the head said, "How do you like it Brownie?" and stooping down and patting the head of the dog said, "Capital, Jack, isn't it?" and then looking up into the sky, as if gratefully to take in the fullness of the situation, he leaped upon his seat and drove off. It seemed to me a lovely picture; I enjoyed it so much that I wanted to go directly and subscribe to the society, and take its paper, and do everything in my power to help it along.

HENRY BERGH.

Another thing I want to say. I want to say a word in regard to the gentleman whose name called forth your applause a moment ago. I have read during the last three or four years so many instances of the chivalrous devotion of Mr. Bergh to the noble work in which he is engaged in New York, and my heart has thrilled within me so many times and so deeply in reading of his doings and of the dangers and insults he has encountered so bravely and in such a Christian spirit, that I desire on this occasion to utter at least one passing word in acknowledgment of my personal indebtedness to him. When that telegram from him was read a moment ago, announcing that the New York law had not been repealed and would not be, if this had been a political meeting, instead of a moral one, I should have felt like calling for three cheers for Henry Bergh. In the default of this, let us

give them three throbs of our hearts. I am sure you will all respond to that. He has shown himself the Howard of a speechless world of wrong and suffering. I have no doubt there are many who have smarted from the infliction of his rebuke who would gladly see him out of the way. His name, Bergh, you know, means "mountain." He is indeed a massive hill of benevolence, courage and firmness. I have no doubt many would be glad to say to this mountain, "Be thou removed and cast into the midst of the sea;" but I doubt if any of them will have faith enough, approaching to that of the grain of mustard-seed, to succeed in doing it by word of mouth. And should any attempt by application of muscular power to do it, it seems to me, so holy is the work in which he is engaged, and so divine the spirit he has manifested, that, if it were needful, the very lightnings of heaven would spring from their scabbards to defend him.

CHRISTIAN VIEW.

One word more, and I will give way to the other gentlemen. It is proper that something should be said in behalf of this society from a strictly Christian point of view. All the great and worthy religions of the world, Brahminism, Buddhism, Mahomedism, have cultivated a spirit of tender consideration towards the brute world,—some of them in a most prominent degree; Buddhism to an extent that makes it even grotesque and laughable in connection with their doctrine of transmigration. Christianity takes no backward place in the manifestation of this spirit. The Saviour of the world in his very birth was brought forth in a stable among the beasts of the stall. The radiance from heaven which shed its light on the holy family group, spread and included within its halo the humbler members of the great animated family, emblematic of the extension of that same protection in all the coming ages over the speechless and defenceless lower creatures. Jesus himself in every word, where there was any manifestation of his spirit in this direction, showed the most profound regard and tenderness. When you remember his words, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Heavenly Father's notice," you instantly see the Son of Man standing in the open air and looking at the falling bird, and connected to it by the tie of loving sympathy. That influence has made itself felt in all succeeding history wherever his name has been pronounced. So again he said, "The ravens neither sow nor reap nor have barns nor storehouses, but God feedeth them." And, still once more, what a picture of ineffable tenderness and sacredness is conjured up in our imaginations when we hear him saying to the people of Jerusalem, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings." You know that he who made that parable had seen the sight and seen it lovingly. There is a whole volume of meaning and authority in these instances, that render any further illustration superfluous. All through succeeding history they have borne their fruit.

EYE-BALL OF A DEER.

And it seems unworthy especially of any professed representative of the great Master, any preacher of the Gospel, ever in any form to show a spirit of wanton cruelty, or ever, in any form, needlessly to link his pride or his pleasure with the woe and pain of anything that feels. I have heard of clergymen who would go in a boat by night with a torch and row along the borders of a lake and lure a deer down through the thickets to the water's edge, where it would stand and the reflection of the torch be seen on its glistening eyes. Think of the eye-ball of a deer! What a wonderful organ it is! What infinite skill and tenderness of design are manifested in it; how beautiful it is! It seems as though, as you look at it you could imagine the Creative Artist forever standing by and polishing it with his invisible pencil. Then, think of a man taking a rifle and putting a murderous bullet into that soft and lustrous orb, crushing it into a shapeless and bloody mass, simply to show his skill and enjoy the sport. It seems to me to be utterly inexcusable in any court of conscience, heavenly or earthly.

MAN AND HIS CREATOR.

There are a great many other things which it would be pleasing to me to say; but the hour is late and

there are others to address you, and I will close by suggesting the mysterious connection that should be felt by every thoughtful person, between himself, everything which has life, and the infinite Creator of all. Take a little dying bird in your hand, and as the last convulsive shiver agitates its frame, say to yourself, "So the soul of Shakespeare passed;" and feel a thrill of mystery communicated between yourself and the infinite life beyond. That spirit will be fatal to everything like wanton cruelty, and the basis for the cultivation of a spirit of tender sympathy with all forms of life.

HIGHER WORK OF SOCIETIES.

The word barbarous among the ancients signified a defective civilization or low state of society, with which we of the present day associate the idea of cruelty.

It is the peculiar province of noble spirits to promote and perfect social institutions, and thereby refine public thought and feeling; and in this sense, my friends, your labors are to be regarded. It is a great error to suppose that societies for the protection of our inferior companions on earth have only for their object the defence of these creatures. It is true, that they are worthy of our highest consideration, by reason of the vast services they render us in return for such slender recompense as they receive. But, whoever reflects a moment, will realize the fact that it is mankind, after all, that are the principal beneficiaries of their deeds; and that in suppressing cruelty to animals, they render the same service to superior beings, for it is impossible to be, at the same time, cruel to the brute, and gentle to our fellow-creatures. Therefore, in seeming to be wholly occupied with the sufferings of the lower animals, such societies are the principal promoters of the happiness of mankind.

The moral character of a people is formed by the spectacles which they witness, in like manner as their physique is influenced by their atmospheric surroundings. Who can doubt but that the bull fights of Spain prepared the Spaniards for the reign of the inquisition, with its holocausts of human beings; their atrocities to the Indians; and their traffic in slaves.

—Henry Bergh.

"LIFE IS LIKE PLUMCAKE."

"Life, my brethren, is like plumcake," began Polly, impressively, folding her floury hands. "In some, the plums are all on the top, and we eat them gaily, till we suddenly find they are gone. In others, the plums sink to the bottom, and we look for them in vain as we go on, and often come to them when it is too late to enjoy them. But in the well-made cake, the plums are wisely scattered all through, and every mouthful is a pleasure. We make our own cakes, in a measure, therefore let us look to it, my brethren, that they are mixed according to the best receipt, baked in a well-regulated oven, and gratefully eaten with a temperate appetite." —An Old-Fashioned Girl.

"THERE is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature if not of the soul." —Ruskin.

HOPE is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way—all the miseries of our pilgrimage.

No marvel that the birds salute the dawn,
For all the dangers of the dark withdrawn;
Break into singing with their first free breath,
That they have swum the dim, vast sea of death,
And hymn the resurrection of the light,
In praise to Him who kept them through the night,
And cared for His least little feathered things,
Encompassed with the safety of His wings;
While those that cannot warble, twittering tell
Of darkness passed once more, and all is well.

WHAT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AT WASHINGTON IS DOING.

In answer to our request that the monthly reports of the Commissioner might more frequently urge and advocate the spirit of better treatment to animals, we have the following letter:—

SIR:—The sentiments relative to the necessity of inculcating "the principle of mercy and kindness" to animals, in your letter to the Department, are appreciated. By referring to former reports you will discover that such a policy of kindness has frequently been urged, not only from the commonest impulses of humanity, but from motives of economy and prudence in husbandry. In the "Monthly" for April, 1867, the following language is held under the head of "starvation":—

"In a land where scarcely half the growth of grasses is depastured, it seems little less than deliberate wickedness, and something more than downright inhumanity, that domestic animals should die by thousands of starvation. Because some winters are so mild that the poor cow shivers through them without actual starvation, whole communities leave their cattle to shift for themselves every winter, until one of such severity as the last takes pity on their misery and mercifully ends it. The loss from starvation and exposure the past winter has been extraordinary."

The same report showed that one-tenth of the stock of Houston County, in the mild State of Texas, died in consequence of "cold weather and poverty," and the same proportion in Hall County, Arkansas, because "the ground was covered with snow from the middle of December until the first of April"; while in Mississippi County, Arkansas, one-fourth died of starvation in consequence of an inundation.

The actual money loss annually, from insufficient care, shelter, and feed, amounts to millions of dollars. It will be my aim to reduce this total of unnecessary loss, and take from our countrymen the reproach of such cruelty.

HORACE CAPRON, Commissioner.

WATER FOR TEAMS.

Levi Bartlett, of Warner, New Hampshire, writes concerning provisions for watering teams on public highways:—

In the article in the report of 1868 on county roads and road laws, page 361, relative to "water for teams," it is said: "It is a matter of so great importance that a full supply of water by the roadside be provided for teams, at intervals of at least an average of five miles, that the subject should no longer be neglected, but a provision for securing a supply should be made in the county road laws." I am very happy to say that such a provision has been made by our State laws. In the town where I reside (Warner, New Hampshire), there are, on the main travelled road through the town, four of these permanent watering troughs, and four on the cross roads. The owners receive from the town treasury two dollars each annually. I think every tax-payer in the town is perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. Two of the troughs are supplied with water by lead or wooden pipes, the others are supplied from permanent springs issuing from the base of hills, near the roadside, in open spouts. Such is the temperature of these spring waters that there is no trouble with ice in our coldest winters.—Agricultural Report.

[By a law recently enacted in Massachusetts, five dollars per annum are allowed to those who maintain watering-troughs, erected with the approval of the selectmen.—Ed.]

A CAT TO THE RESCUE.—By the report of a police case at Marlborough Street, London, it appeared that a husband, brutally ill-using his wife, endeavored to strangle her. While, however, she lay thus, a favorite cat, named "Topsy," suddenly sprang upon the man, and fastened her claws and teeth in his face. He could not tear the cat away, and was obliged to implore the woman he had been ill-using to take the cat from him to save his life.

[Translated for Our Dumb Animals.]

DOES PROTECTION OF ANIMALS COMPROMISE INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY AND DIGNITY?

Extract from speech of Mons. L. de Cazenove, President of the Society for the Protection of Animals, at Lyons:—

The first objection raised against societies for the protection of animals comes from worshippers of *individual liberty*. They appear to consider this liberty endangered by the introduction of an authority foreign to their own, which limits the abuse of their rights as owners of animals. This is an error; laws to prevent the maltreatment of animals are in entire accordance with the public conscience; they repress only the shameful abuse of the rights of ownership, and we should blush to regret such liberty as they deprive us of.

These laws give their sanction to a great principle, which ought never to degenerate, by respect for the liberty of the individual, into tolerance of anything that hardens our moral sense. Public opinion, that great force which some vainly strive to resist, is on our side, as on that of any cause based on equity and justice.

The second objection comes from those who think that our dignity as human beings is lowered, and that man may be in some sort assimilated with animals by admitting that they possess feelings and intelligence. They agree with Descartes, who said that an animal is merely an automaton, as insensible to pain as a machine whose springs we break. He says that an animal is a machine which, being made by God, is incomparably better, and has more admirable movements, than any that man can invent. And this is all that these living, and, consequently, feeling creatures can receive at the hands of the philosopher; cold admiration of their physical conformation. He does them the honor to compare them to the most perfect machine, but beyond this, nothing. He refuses to allow them the power of feeling joy, or pain, or friendship; but I think it needless to present to you the arguments with which Cuvier, Condillac and a host of others combat this strange doctrine, for each of you can himself refute it, as each of you has had a thousand opportunities to observe the intelligence of animals. It is folly to deny that they do possess both intelligence and feeling. As to the dignity of man being compromised, as the partisans of Descartes seem to believe, I will say, that the very goodness and compassion of men towards animals is what marks the distance between them; as cruelty rapidly tends to decrease this distance, cruelty is what really debases men, not kindness. * * *

The society in Boston has for its motto, in its monthly publication: "We speak for those who cannot speak for themselves." This touching sentence has our sympathy, and we rejoice that on the other side of the ocean, at an immense distance from us, the same grand idea of protection of animals has the support of men who understand it, who will develop it, and assure its triumph.

[For "Our Dumb Animals."]

THE GOLDEN RULE.

MR. EDITOR:—I think the following incident worthy a place in your columns, as I am sure it will delight some of your juvenile readers.

A small terrier had been for some time vainly endeavoring to make a breakfast of a large bone which he had, as we hope, honestly obtained, and his attempts to crush the bone, either by jaw action or strategy, I thought extremely funny. So did a grave-looking Newfoundland that came trotting along,—for after *laughing* good-naturedly for a moment over the discomfited terrier, he cracked the bone between his own strong teeth and laid the fragments before his little friend, went on his way, conscious, no doubt, of having well performed a good deed, and impressing the fact upon one mind, at least, that "the golden rule," so fast becoming obsolete with us, is known and practised in dogdom.

Query. Do dogs laugh?—H. I. C., Brookline.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

Sorrow and gladness together go wending;
Evil and good come in quick interchange;
Fair and foul fortune forever are blending;
Sunshine and clouds have the skies for their range;
Gold of earth's day,
Is but splendid clay,—
Alone heaven's happiness lasteth for aye.

Everything here hath the germ of decay in it;
Every one findeth some grief in his breast;
And soon is the bosom, though jewels blaze on it,
Fill'd full of sorrow and secret unrest;
Each has its own,—
Known or unknown;
Heaven from woe is exempted alone.

Sharp thorns guard the rose, in which most thou delightest,
And the deadlier the poison the fairer the flower;
The heart may be crushed while the cheek is the brightest,
And fortune oft changes her tide in an hour;
Mid many woes
The stream of life flows;
Heaven alone steadfast happiness knows.

O then let my lot and my life be appointed,
Just as my Lord and my God seeth meet;
Let the wicked go on still for evil anointed,
And the world have its way till the end is complete;
Time's tree will cast
Its leaves on the blast,
And heaven make everything right at the last.

[Nicholas Knigo.*]

* A Danish bishop, who died in 1703. The above translation is found in Howitt's Northern Poets of Europe.

THREE POETS IN A PUZZLE.

I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but after many strenuous attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several unsuccessful efforts he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessor; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and to the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy,) since the collar was put on, for he said it was downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar! Just at this moment a servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation 'La,' master, said she, 'you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do this way. You should do this,' when turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world, which we had not yet attained.—*Cottle's Life of Coleridge.*

SHOT AT A DOG AND HIT A MAN.—A policeman shot at a rabid dog in the street here last night. The ball missed the dog, glanced from the pavement, and lodged in the skull of Mr. S. D. Curtis, who was driving by in a carriage at the time. The wound is a serious one, but will not prove fatal.—*Toledo paper.*

And yet, ninety-nine chances to one, the dog was not mad. See article in another column.

THE heart is the workshop in which are forged secret slanders, and all evil speaking. The mouth is only the outer shop or salesroom, where all the goods that are made within are sold. The tongue is the salesman.

A FIXED FACT.—The dog who came to a dead stand before a door-plate inscribed "A. Partridge."

[For "Our Dumb Animals."]

LIFE IS FULL OF LESSONS!

MR. EDITOR:—You are often led to chronicle the intelligence exhibited by our friends of the dumb creation, and why not that of our dog Saxey, since he has given me so many evidences of his appreciation, and assurances that he is no less a firm friend because a dumb dependent, subject to the varying caprices of his less considerate and thoughtless master. Does it ever occur to you what a lesson is almost hourly taught us by the animal creation in this devotional acceptance, and faithful trust in "whatever is, is right." We express, in the excitement or trial of a moment, a hasty thought, an unfriendly word, which, were it given to a human friend, would sever the relation, or become to them a smouldering flame, ever ready to break out upon the slightest provocation. And yet a kick or a blow, a word of censure or abuse, when inflicted upon our silent, defenceless friends, though it pierce even as deeply, and wound as keenly the nature so fully alive and sensitive to our good or ill will, leaves but a passing shadow, though their memory fails not to cherish and foster ever our kindly acts, and retain in worshipful reverence any incident by which they feel more nearly drawn to us. To forgive and forget seems but their nature, since it is so frequent in their lives; and yet, if we take second thought, we find them remarkable in memory and earnestly intent upon revenge where occasion requires. What a lesson for us poor mortals, who allow the petty annoyances and unkindly words of our friends and family to cling in unforgiveness, and be engrafted into the tender branches of our natures, thus giving character to ourselves, moulding that of others, and carrying drops of gall among the great family whose Saviour taught peace on earth and good-will towards men.

Our dog Saxey was no exception to the average of dogs in many particulars—and one *particular* which he had, was a habit of selecting a comfortable place near the fire, to the annoyance and in the way of others, a trait not confined to dogs alone. We had learned to overlook this weakness in Saxey, as we had the peculiarities and unpleasant habits in other members of the family,—and we all have them, you know,—so that it had become as much his right by privilege as if inherited by birth. He was regularly one of the family, receiving at our house consideration as such, and, being one of the affectionate kind, our good mother twelve miles away, soon became attached to him.

But the one thing that was the unforgiven sin was this habit of lying about the stove. Neither mother nor the dog, on his part, would willingly surrender their claims, and often quite a passage at arms was necessary to carry the point of obedience. During one of his visits, suffering under the infliction of this habit, when, perhaps, mother had nearly sacrificed a well-filled dish of custard in her endeavor to reach the oven, she gave vent to her outraged feelings by the exclamation, "Saxey, I do wish you'd go home, you are everlastingly good for nothing, and always under my feet." Sure enough, suiting the action of the word, the sensitive, if not sensible, dog started off, and reached home seemingly borne down by a weight of woe. I said to David, my husband, "Something has happened between Saxey and some of mother's folks; don't you see how sorrowful he looks; that is not shame, but real grief, as if his feelings have been outraged." Of course, "Dave" laughed,—you never get men to sympathize with or to deeply feel evidences of sorrow even in others, much less in the dumb creation—so I said no more, but thought a good deal over this striking evidence of something unjust somewhere, and put an extra dish of meat for Saxey's supper, as an atonement for a wrong inflicted by another. I used to want more than the usual amount of coddling from mother when teacher had been cross to me.

Time told the story; Saxey visits mother, as usual; and I have often had occasion to appreciate that the lesson was a useful one to her, and never forgotten, and as she will frequently cut short a hasty thought, and close with less earnestness than she started with, I am prone to believe that Saxey's twelve miles travel from Barre to Brookfield was a homily well presented.

A. T. E.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, May, 1870.

A LITTLE MORE WATER, TOO,

Shall be our song this month, for we do want to re-impress upon our friends, our subscribers, our vice-presidents, our agents and upon "all in authority" in this and all the States, that they should move at once for more drinking fountains and watering troughs. Now is the season for it. Petition your city governments to introduce them where there are none, and to increase them where there are few. Apply to your selectmen, under the law just passed, to authorize the payment of five dollars per annum to every man who will maintain a watering trough for the public accommodation.

A fountain such as Boston, Charlestown, Chelsea, Plymouth, Worcester, we believe, (Cambridge is moving), have adopted, costs, set and running, about \$200; a watering trough by the roadside only a moiety of that sum.

How can money be better expended?

Every man who has journeyed in the country with a horse has seen the time when he would pay the interest on the cost of a watering trough for a single drink for himself and his horse, and has blessed the man who had erected one by the roadside. Let those who crave such blessings erect and maintain one.

And in cities and towns where there is an aqueduct, a man cannot make a better expenditure than to erect a fountain in the street. He may charge 7 $\frac{1}{10}$ per cent. on the cost, and then will find it the best investment of the year. It is giving the "cup of cold water" to his brethren, and being "merciful to the beasts," and the result will be to him a constant joy.

If our treasury justified it, we should favor the erection of both fountains and troughs by the society, with a tablet indicating their origin, so that every traveller and passer-by would know that the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals included in its purposes kindness to animals as well.

In the meantime, we can encourage communities and individuals to do the good work, and let the inscription be written upon the tablet of their hearts.

CHECK REIN.

"A woman's appeal to women," in another column, is worthy the attention of our lady readers, and makes an appeal to them which ought to be heeded. The cruelty in this case is not deliberate, but thoughtless, and we trust that a perusal of the article will result in action by every lady who owns, or drives, or rides after a horse. Although the scene is laid in Broadway and Central Park, New York, it will serve quite as well for Boston and vicinity, and in fact for every part of our State.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

In furtherance of the cause, and as a help to the society, some of our friends and members have purchased numbers of our paper for free distribution in their respective localities. We commend the example and for such purpose make a liberal discount.

OPEN.

The drinking fountains in Boston were opened April 25th. We hope another season they will be allowed to run all winter, with, perhaps, the exception of a few of the coldest days. They need not have been closed more than ten days during the past winter, but the Water Board feared the city might be held for damages by persons slipping on the ice about them, and therefore closed them altogether. A little pains, we think, would prevent this, and the advantage of keeping them open justifies the experiment.

Mr. Alger's Address.—We commend to the perusal of our readers the eloquent address on the first and second pages.

MR. ANGELL'S LETTERS continue interesting, and his views of men and things abroad are peculiar. He is doing a missionary work while he travels for his health, which we are glad to report as improved. Before the close of summer we shall expect him again amongst us.

PROSECUTIONS IN CHICAGO.

A few days ago, in Chicago, a man was arrested and fined \$50 for brutally beating his overloaded horse with the butt end of a whip.

A drunken beast finding a poisoned dog half dead, opened him, took out the entrails, with the mute appealing eyes fixed on his face, and showed them to horror-struck spectators, one of whom promptly arrested him, and he was fined \$10.

WHO WILL EXTEND THE WORK IN MAINE?

The president of the Bangor society says:—

I am highly gratified with the good results of the labors of our association. In times past, before the present law and the organization of our association, it was no uncommon thing for a gentleman or lady who undertook to intercede for some poor brute to be met with, "Mind your business; this horse is mine, and I will beat him to death if I choose." This is now greatly changed, and an intimation that there is both a law and a society is met with civility and more kind treatment. It is a matter of regret and surprise to me that not more societies have been organized in our cities and towns. I hear that some steps have been taken for the formation of societies at Dover, in Piscataquis county, and at Biddeford, in York county. I most sincerely trust that their efforts will be crowned with success.

A SCHOOL TEACHER'S EXAMPLE.

MR. EDITOR:—Inclosed please find \$2, for which I would like two copies of your truly valuable little paper. I want to lend one copy, as I wish to have everybody I know interested in the subject. I want to keep one copy by me *all the time*, to read those nice anecdotes to my little pupils, and take every opportunity to teach them a lesson on kindness to "our dumb animals."

TEMPERANCE.

If we were publishing a temperance paper we could write a good editorial on the preventive and reformatory effect of drinking fountains, but here the suggestion is enough.

PATENT WINKER.—We have an inquiry for the improved bridle with patent winker. Having lost the address of the inventor we should like him to call.

BANGOR ASSOCIATION.

The report of the Bangor Association has been received, which we have published for them in a special edition of five hundred copies. It shows a growing interest in the public mind, although the association is restricted in its operation to the immediate vicinity of Bangor. A moderate policy has governed them, waiting a more general public knowledge of the subject.

Six persons have been arrested and fined, and a larger number admonished. Dog and cock fighting has been suppressed, and efforts made to stop the use of old, poor and lame horses. The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year.

President, Joseph Carr.

Vice-Presidents, Jos. C. White, D. M. Howard, Joshua D. Warren.

Secretary, O. H. Ingalls.

Treasurer, Ebenezer T. Fox.

Directors, P. B. Mills, Geo. Stetson, Rev. A. Battles, Henry Gale, E. Freeman Duren.

HYDROPHOBIA.

That very few "mad dogs" have ever been seen has been repeatedly proved, as the readers of our paper will remember. Notwithstanding, there is an annual alarm upon the subject. Other States have more excitement than Massachusetts, but we desire to lessen it everywhere, and therefore publish the following from the "Philadelphia Age:—"

The Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, PHILADELPHIA, April 21, 1870.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—I observe by the papers that the periodical fusillade on the dogs has already begun. "Mad dogs were shot yesterday afternoon in Walnut, above Broad, and at Ninth and Walnut streets."

This is but a part and parcel of the same hue and cry gotten up yearly on the approach of warm weather, and has its origin among a very debased class of our citizens, who catch and steal dogs for the express purpose of getting a trifling reward for their head, the effect of which is demoralizing in the extreme. That these dogs which were killed yesterday were "mad," I hazard nothing in asserting as a sheer fabrication. The history of the dog the world over, challenges one single instance of hydrophobia originating in warm weather. In the hottest climates, and where dogs do most abound, *rabies is unknown*.

Hydrophobia is very rare at any season, and whilst it will, at times, originate in the human system without the instrumentality of any animal, precisely the same effect will be produced in the system from a wound by a rusty nail, a jagged wound, the bite of a horse or hog coming in contact with certain ligaments or nerves of the arm or leg.

It is worthy of note that, whilst by the newspaper reports there appears to have been shot the past year, in this city and its neighborhood, and in Camden and its vicinity, over the river, some hundreds of "mad dogs," many of which dogs, we learn, had bitten men, women and children before they were dispatched, and some of them in several places, and yet I have yet to hear of one single instance of the consequence which public opinion has so generally attached to these bites. Hence, it would seem, that we have been kept in a ferment of excitement without any adequate cause.

S. MORRIS WALN, President.

Dr. Hopkins' Magic Healing Powder has been tried by ourselves and our friends for wounds, galls, &c., upon horses, and has proved so effectual that we gladly commend it.

Good Roads are a good investment for every town, and contribute largely to the comfort of animals as well as men.

Mr. Ingell's Letters.

[No. 16.]

FLORENCE, March 25, 1870.

NAPLES.

We were at Naples, *nearly*—at Rome *quite*, and have now been in Florence, *almost* a fortnight. And I must cover it all in one brief letter.

I do not think the Bay of Naples the most beautiful place in the world. I think I have seen much better scenery on the coast of Maine, and elsewhere in the United States. I do not think there is anything remarkable in the mountains about the bay, except the little smoke which, most of the time resembling a cloud, hangs over the top of Vesuvius. I do not think the excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum of great interest to any but an archæologist—and I should describe Naples itself as a dirty city of about 500,000 inhabitants, with a great abundance of beggars and fleas; pavements of broad, slippery, flat stones, on which animals are constantly falling; and great cruelty to donkeys,—tho' check-reins are not used on cab-horses, most of which are driven without bits, by reins connected with two little arms projecting from a metallic nose-band.

The museum and some of the 300 churches which the city is said to contain, are of interest, and the little Church of San Martino, adjacent to the Castle of San Elmo on the heights back of the city, excels in richness of paintings, marbles and ornamentation anything I have seen.

ROME.

Rome is a difficult subject to deal with. So many books and letters have been written about it. It looks so differently seen through different spectacles, and it is so difficult to disconnect the present from the past. Its situation is not unpleasant to the eye, built on and around moderate elevations, from which stretches off the Campagna to distant mountains, and within and outside its walls are gardens and public grounds of interest. St. Peter's is a wonderful church, and so is St. Paolo, with its immense white marble floor glistening like a sea of glass. The ruins of the Coliseum, and the baths of Caracalla, and the dome of the Pantheon: buildings which stood before the Christian Era, and relics and bones of martyrs which have been accumulating ever since; the palace of the Vatican with its thousands of rooms, and the Quirinal and their beautiful gardens and wonderful collections of art; and that library in the former with its 100,000 volumes, adorned with paintings and vases, and the costly gifts of kings,—the Catacombs where lie the bones of the dead of so many ages, and the great memories and religious associations. And some of the streets of the city,—those most frequented by strangers,—though generally without sidewalks, are on a dry, cool, sunny day not unpleasant. But then on the other hand it cannot be ignored that Rome has narrow streets and dirty smells, beggars and fleas, and pestilential miasma. Out of our party of seven, five were sick there, and we heard of deaths of strangers all about us—seven in one hotel, and three in one family. I am glad to have seen Rome; should have been sorry not to have seen it—but to speak the truth, must say, that coming from it to the clear, cool, invigorating mountain air of this beautiful Florence seemed like passing out from the valley of the shadow of death into an earthly paradise. I was in Rome on the great day of its carnival, and agree with the correspondent of the "London Times," "that it is the human intellect reduced to its lowest ebb."

MONUMENTS.

One delightful recollection of the city, however, I have. In the Catholic Cemetery of San Lorenzo just without the walls, I found a monument with no signs of mourning—plain—but of beautiful white marble, adorned in a glass compartment with artificial flowers of the richest hues, and all its language that of joy that the departed had gone from the sorrows of the present, to the happiness of eternal life. Many years ago a good man—Thomas Tarbell, died in Boston in an instant, with disease of the heart, and at his fun-

eral a prayer was offered by his dearest friend, Dr. Gannett,—not a word of sorrow—but a prayer overflowing with thanksgiving, that after a life of usefulness God had taken him home without pain. That monument in the cemetery of San Lorenzo and that prayer in Boston stand in my memory together.

FLORENCE.

I wrote in a former letter that I thought Paris the most beautiful city of the world. But to the beauty of Florence with its charming park, and drives for miles along the Arno—its cathedral, *the largest dome of the world*—its churches and galleries rich with works of the greatest artists, and its old bridges, must be added the scenery by which it is surrounded, its hills and mountains, dotted with palaces, villas, churches and monasteries, from which you look down upon the river and towers and chiming bells of the city.

I might describe many things here which gave me pleasure, as for instance the chapel, or burying place of the Medici family, which is said to have cost about 23,000,000 of dollars, with a ceiling upon which is painted the Garden of Eden before and after the fall—Moses receiving the law—the Birth of Christ—the Crucifixion—the Resurrection—and the Last Judgment, all of which you see reflected in the marble walls as in a mirror; or I might give the stories connected with many of these paintings, as for instance of the artist who painted the Virgin in the Annunciation so beautiful that he could paint nothing better for the angel, and over whom a deep sleep came from which awaking he found the Angel's face painted by supernatural hands—but then my letter would swell into a volume.

A DAY WITH ARTISTS.

I must not forget, however, to say that the happiest day I have spent in Florence, was a stormy one, and as such devoted to the studios of three American artists, Powers, Ball, and Thomas R. Gould. To the last we went first, and were much interested in his heads of Christ and the Spirit of Evil, and a beautiful and chaste full-length statue of American design, called the "West Wind," which I should be glad to see again many times. In Ball's studio we found familiar faces. Governor Andrew, Daniel Webster, Frank Skinner, Edward Everett, and a beautiful design, "The Angel of Death lifting the veil from Faith!" which is for the Chickering tomb at Mount Auburn. But to me the gems of his studio were two busts of children, one named "Pensa Rosa"—the other unfinished and unnamed, which I should call "Fun." Two faces so natural, so full of love and sweetness, that I confess to a strong desire to kiss them. I think there is hardly a heavily tapestried parlor in Boston so dismal, nor a heart in it so sad, that these two little faces might not illuminate.

HIRAM POWERS.

Once in a score of years or so, one meets a man who has so distinctly set upon him the marks of *God's nobility*, that one feels inclined to take off his hat and do reverence.

Such were my feelings when under a plain cap and working apron, a gray-haired man, with an eye like an eagle's and a face full of sunshine, welcomed me to the studio of Hiram Powers.

Many things I saw there of which the world knows; one I remember. Would that his statue with the words he spoke could stand in every city. Some of them I wrote, for they were the words of a man who by life and example, as well as art, has done great honor to our country.

"Educate the hearts of the people," said he, "and the heads will take care of themselves."

"Give in your schools rewards to the good boys, not the smart ones."

"God gives the intellect, the boy should not be rewarded for that."

"The great danger of our country is from its smart men."

"Educate the heart, educate the heart! Let us have good men."

A NEW ITALY.

Amongst this people are about twenty millions who can neither read nor write—intellectually children—

generally kindly,—fond of stories and pictures, but, through ignorance, cruel to animals, and each other. I have been working here for the formation of a society—either a "Society for the Protection of Animals," or a "Humane Education Society," which ever may be thought best, through whose agency shall be distributed, without opposition from church or state, a non-sectarian, non-political humane literature.

Who knows but out of this fallow ground, rich with decaying memories, may spring a new Italy to again lead the march of civilization.

G. T. A.

[For "Our Dumb Animals."]

A WOMAN'S APPEAL TO WOMEN.

NEW YORK, April 18.

MR. EDITOR:—In your most excellent journal "Our Dumb Animals," which I always read with pleasure, allusion is frequently made to the use of the check-rein. I feel sure that the articles may be the means of arresting the attention of those persons ignorant of the cruelty of the practice, and I would ask if it might not be well for the editor to have a "direct appeal to the ladies" written for his journal. I do not know how it may be in your "Modern Athens," which, in many good things, is in advance of us, but here I observe, that while it is rare to see a check-rein now used for horses who carry heavy burdens, it is almost universally used for horses of private carriages; and generally, the more elegant and showy the equipage, the shorter is the rein, thus proving that a false idea of beauty prevails; for no position or attitude whatever is elegant or graceful that is unnatural or constrained.

If you were to observe the long line of private carriages in front of our palace stores on Broadway, or on the Avenue on reception days, you would be pained to see so many beautiful animals tortured by these cruel reins, which is apparent by the continual tossing of their heads, and manifest uneasiness. I often wish I could place one of Mr. Bergh's most valuable pamphlets on the subject, on the seat of every equipage, to arrest the attention of the fair occupants, who would not, I am confident, enjoy their shopping expeditions, reception visits, and drives to the Park, if they were aware that the noble animals to whom they are indebted for their enjoyment, are in a state of suffering while contributing to the pleasure and health of their owners. And now that fine weather is advancing, which will make driving out so healthful and enjoyable, the poor horses will, of course, be a longer time in harness, and suffer more and more with their heads strained up in such an unnatural manner; and as your journal is largely distributed here by the friends of the cause, would it be amiss to call the attention of ladies particularly to the injury and torture produced by the use of these check-reins?

G.

"THE misery of keeping a dog is his dying so soon; but to be sure if he lived for fifty years, and then died, what would become of me?"—Sir Walter Scott.

MEN need to be four times converted, says Mr. Beecher. Once for themselves, once for their fellow men, once for the animal kingdom, and once more to bind all humanity together.

It is not so much what you say,

As the manner in which you say it;

It is not so much the language you use,

As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,

And the tones may pierce like a dart;

The words may be soft as the summer air,

And the tones may break the heart.

With patient heart thy course of duty run,
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou would'st do thyself, if thou could'st see
The end of all He does as well as He.

Children's Department.

Affection of the Sheep.

Whenever I see those poor Italian boys who have been wiled away from their native country to pipe to the people of a strange land, a certain shepherd boy rises up in my memory, who, six hundred years ago, as he watched his flock on the hills that look down on Florence, spent his leisure in piping to the sheep and making sketches of a favorite ewe or lamb, "with a stone slightly pointed, upon a smooth, clean piece of rock." This little boy, Giotto Bon-done, became the greatest of Italian painters, and ever took delight in portraying the gentle creatures in whose company he had passed his boyhood.

The sheep is not so sagacious as many other animals, but none can excel it in its affection for its young.

What a shocking sight it is to see some drovers hurrying the timid and gentle sheep along, by setting on their dogs to chase and terrify, until they sometimes drop half dead with fright and exhaustion. The Italian shepherd boy, piping to his flock, in the bright southern sunshine, never *drives* them to field or fold. He walks before them, playing his pipe it may be, and they follow after him. It is a well-known fact, that when foreign sheep are sent over to this country, they refuse to be driven, but whenever the drover places himself at their head, they go willingly in whatever direction he may choose to go.

Sheep are very fond of music. Joseph Haydn, when a boy, went on a tour with some companions through the Apennines. One of the party carried his flute with him, and one day, as he sat on a hillside and played for the amusement of the others, the sheep came crowding round him. If the tune was slow and mournful, the sheep would droop their heads; but when he played a lively strain, they drew close to his side and rubbed their necks against his legs to show their delight.

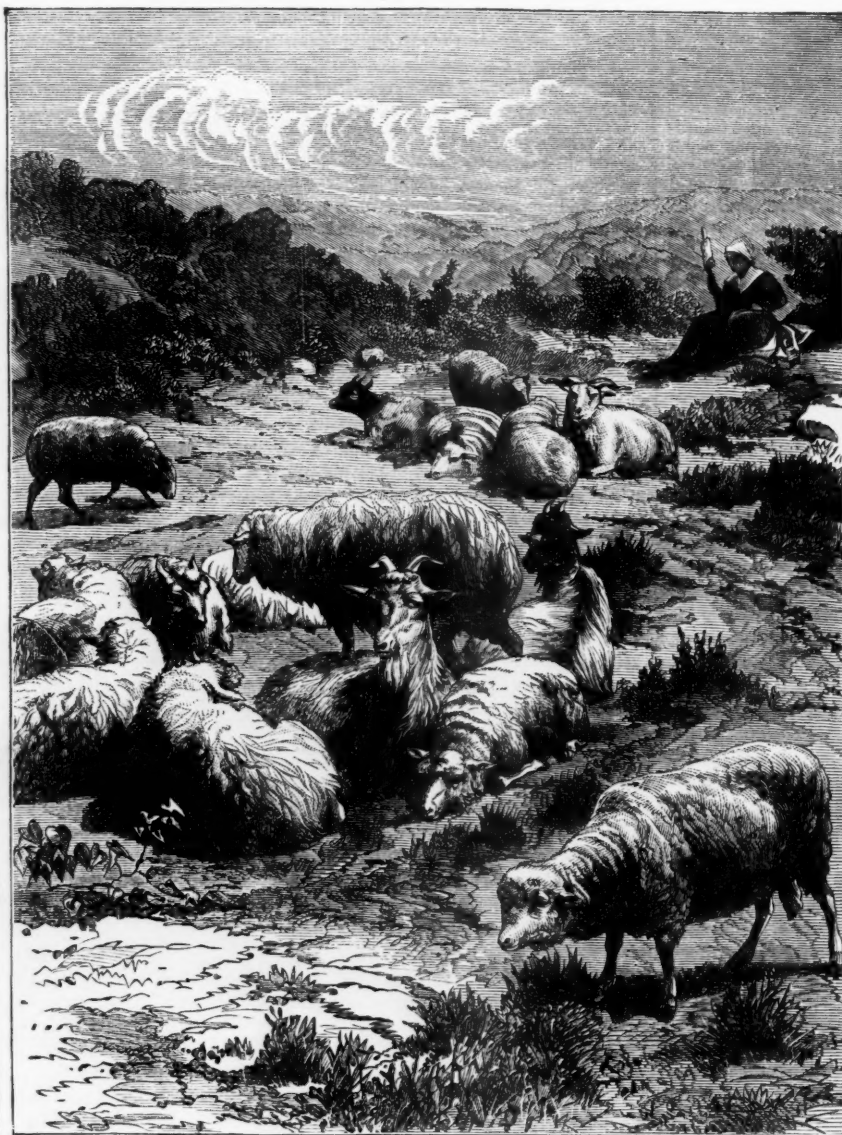
"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Kind and tender usage to dumb animals is one of the most distinguishing qualities of a good man; cruelty characterizes a wicked man.—*Animal Sagacity.*

The Parisian Bird-Charmer.

Paris, setting the fashions of the world, is at the same time the paradise of oddities. The man who most of all excites the wonder and delight of the *habitués* of the Champs Elysées, is a queer old gentleman, in poor but clean, snuff-colored dress, who every now and then comes to see and feed the birds. No sooner does this thin, silent old man make his appearance, than a general twitter and scream of delight is heard amidst the trees of the Tuileries, and the birds swarm about his head, sit on his shoulders and hands, while others describe a thousand revolutions around his head.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

AFTER ROSA BONHEUR.



"Who is that?" I asked of one of the group of people who stood by.

"I never heard his name; he is the Bird-Charmer."

I was almost ready to believe that he was a charmer, for he threw them a very few crumbs—a supply quite inadequate, apart from past and future favors, to produce the curious scene. I tried hard to discover the name of this man, but the Parisians are not curious about the names of their characters; they assign them descriptive names, which suffice. For instance, "The man without a hat;" "The Persian;" "The bouquet-girl;" and so on. The old "Bird-Charmer" spoke to no human being, kissed his hand to the birds, and quietly went his way towards the river.

The Mountebank and the Countryman.

A certain wealthy patrician, intending to treat the Roman people with some theatrical entertainment, publicly offered a reward to any one who would produce a novel spectacle. Incited by emulation, artists arrived from all parts to contest the prize, among whom a well-known witty Mountebank gave out that

he had a new kind of entertainment that had never yet been produced on any stage. This report being spread abroad, brought the whole city together. The theatre could hardly contain the number of spectators. And when the artist appeared alone upon the stage without any apparatus, or any assistants, curiosity and suspense kept the spectators in profound silence. On a sudden he trust down his head into his bosom, and mimicked the squeaking of a young pig so naturally that the audience insisted upon it that he had one under his cloak, and ordered him to be searched; which being done and nothing appearing, they loaded him with the most extravagant applause.

A countryman among the audience observing what passed—"Oh!" says he, "I can do better than this;" and immediately gave out that he would perform the next day. Accordingly, on the morrow, a yet greater crowd was collected. Prepossessed, however, in favor of the mountebank, they came rather to laugh at the countryman than to pass a fair judgment on him. They both came out upon the stage. The mountebank grunts away first, and calls forth the greatest clapping and applause. Then the countryman, pretending that he concealed a little pig under his garments (and he had, in fact, really got one), pinched its ear till he made it squeak. The people cried out that the mountebank had imitated the pig much more naturally, and hooted to the countryman to quit the stage; but he, to convict them to their face, produced the real pig from his bosom. "And now, gentlemen, you may see," said he, "what a pretty sort of judges you are!"

It is easier to convince a man against his senses than against his will.—*Æsop's Fables.*

PERFORM a good deed, speak a kind word, bestow a pleasant smile, and you will receive the same in return. The happiness you bestow upon others is reflected back to your own bosom.

Kind to all Things.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Little children, bright and fair,
Blessed with every needful care,
Always bear this thing in mind,
God commands us to be kind.
Kind not only to our friends,
They on whom our life depends;
Kind not only to the poor,
They who poverty endure;
But in spite of form or feature
Kind to every living creature.
Never pain or anguish bring,
Even to the smallest thing;
For, remember that the fly,
Just as much as you or I,
Is the work of that great Hand
That hath made the sea and land;
Therefore, children, bear in mind,
Ever, ever, to be kind.

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1870.

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Haskell, Wm. O., Boston.
Haskins, Rev. Geo. F., "

Hatch, Geo. F., East Pembroke.
Hatch, Mrs. Lavina, "
Hathaway, J. B., Fall River.
Hayward, George, M. D., Boston.
Heath, Miss Margaret B., "
Hinckley, Mrs. John K., Dedham.
Hoadley, J. C., Boston.
Hobbs, John S., "
Holbrook, Chas. C., "
Holmes, Dr. C. C., Milton.
Hosmer, Dr. Alfred, Watertown.
Howland, A. M., Boston.
Hoyt, E. W., Lowell.
Huntington, Hon. Asahel, Salem.
Hussey, Miss L. H., Springfield.
Jackson, James, Boston.
Jenkins, J. W., Barre.
Jones, Josiah M., Boston.
Lawrence, E. A., "
Leeds, Miss Anna G., "
Livermore, Isaac, Cambridgeport.
Loring, Mrs. Chas. G., Boston.
Loring, Mrs. Henry, Brookline.
Loving, Mrs. J. S., Boston.
Lowell, Miss A. C., "
Lowell, Miss R., "
Lukens, John F., W. Mansfield, Ohio.
Lyman, Theodore, Brookline.
May, Samuel, Leicester.
Merritt, David, Boston.
Metcalf, H. B., Winchester.
Minot, William, Boston.
Morrill, Geo. W., "
Morrison, Alvah, Braintree.
Nelson, Henry W., Boston.
Osgood, Henry B., "
Oxnard, Geo. D., "
Oxnard, Mrs. Geo. D., "
Page, Nathan, Jr., Danvers.
Parker, Mrs. Theo., Boston.
Pearsons, W. B. C., Holyoke.
Perkins, Augustus T., Boston.
Perkins, E. Lamson, "
Phillips, Ezra, So. Hanover.
Pierce, Edward, Harrison Square.
Pollard, S. S. & Co., Boston.
Pollard, J. G., Woburn.
Quincy, Sophia M., Boston.
Read, Wm., Jr., "
Rhodes, A. H., "
Rice, Lewis, "
Richardson, John, Upham's Corner.
Robeson, Louis, Fall River.
Rogers, Gorham, Boston.
Rogers, John, "
Ropes, John C., "
Sargent, Horace Binney, Boston.
Saunders, Hon. C. H., Cambridge.
Sherman, Hon. E. C., Plymouth.
Shillaber, Miss E. A., Brighton.
Simonds, David W., Charlestown.
Smith, J. A., Boston.
Smith, T. C., "
Soley, Miss Ruth L., "
Sprague, Chas. J., "
Sullivan, Richard, "
Tarbox, John K., Lawrence.
Thayer, Mrs. Christopher T., Boston.
Thorndike, S. Lathrop, "
Thompson, Francis, Charlestown.
Tilston, E. P., Boston.
Underwood, W. J., Belmont.
Valentine, Mrs. Chas., Newtonville.
Villard, Henry, Boston.
Wainwright, Peter, "
Warren, Geo. W., "
Warren, Henry W., "
Waterson, Mrs. Anna C. L., Boston.
Webster, Albert, "
Welch, Francis W., "
Wells, Mrs. Susan, "
Weston, Annie Warren, Weymouth.
Wheelwright, Edw'd, Boston.
White, Kittie, "
Wigglesworth, Edward, "
Wilkinson, A. J., "
Winslow, E. M., "
Wood, Dr. Robert, Lowell.
Wood, Wm. H., Middleboro'.

NOTE. A continued list of members will be published in the June number, and we respectfully invite our friends to send in their names and subscriptions promptly.

Stable and Farm.

FEEDING YOUNG POULTRY.—Considering the rough food employed in rearing young chickens and turkeys, it seems amazing that people succeed as well as they do. Young chickens and tender turkeys require soft and rich food for the first two weeks, just as much as a new-born infant needs milk. It would be just as consistent to gorge the delicate stomach of an infant with popped corn and candy, as to attempt to rear chickens and turkeys on coarse and raw meal and small kernels of grain. And yet such feed is often employed for that purpose, where large numbers of fowls are produced; but the losses of young chickens would be much less were soft food employed until the young birds have acquired sufficient strength to digest coarse and hard food.—*Exchange.*

WHIPPING OXEN.—It is a cruel, and generally useless act of barbarism to whip oxen; yet many farmers are in the habit of continually keeping the whip going when teaming their cattle. Instead of inviting the animals to exertion by proper words, the first intimation that the poor creatures have from their master that he desires them to start is a cut of the whip or a prick of the goad. This is not only savage, but absolutely wicked and wholly unnecessary. Another practice often seen is that of pounding and thashing the oxen because they don't readily back a load, when they have not been taught to back an empty cart down hill. If animals are desired to work, they must first be taught to work, and when they understand what is wanted of them they will cheerfully comply. But there is a better way to communicate your desires to them than through the whip. Kindness and skillful management are far better.—*The People.*

HORSE BONNETS.—We see on our streets a neat and tasty contrivance for protecting the heads of work horses from the heat of the sun. It consists of a sort of awning about a foot wide and eighteen inches long, raised some three inches from the horse's head by wires attached to the headstall. The device is a very humane one, and we would be glad to see it generally adopted.—*Norfolk Virginian.*

YOUATT. in his book entitled "The Horse," says this animal will never drink hard water if soft is within reach; that he will leave clear and transparent hard water for a pool of soft, even though the latter be discolored with mud. Very cold water from the well will make the hair rise up, and not unfrequently cause an attack of gripes. Give soft water if practicable, especially if the animal be ailing. This is a valuable hint, and we presume not known by every reader who keeps horses.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]
CRUELITIES IN CHICAGO.

[A correspondent sends us the following terrible statement which seems too horrible for belief. Will some of our Chicago friends investigate and report?—Ed.]

Killing hogs, as practised in many of our packing-houses, where speed is the desideratum, is cruel in the extreme. It is the glory of these places to pack immense numbers in a short time, and they are slung up with hooks in the hocks, stuck, shoved along a rail, dropped into a vat of boiling water where they have been known to swim! In some cases they are raised to the building by hooks caught in the jaw, and the living creatures dragged, torn and bleeding, to the place of torture. In olden times when they were goaded along the streets by iron prongs, and killed deliberately one by one, we thought the treatment of the wearied, thirsty beasts brutish enough, but modern facilities have made it far worse.

A reporter, daily accustomed to the horrid sights in the stock yards, went to one of our large packing-houses to see the process, but returned sick and shocked, declaring he would not do it again, so fearful were the sights he encountered.

There should be a stop to such things. In no place in the country are policemen more wanted than in these pens where unnecessary cruelty should be promptly punished by fine or imprisonment. Think of men having unlimited power of torture, with a herd of terrified animals under their control, to maim and torment without let or hindrance! See tongues torn out to prevent a dying creature from bellowing; horns broken off, tails twisted and broken to force them into the pens, eyes gouged out to gratify the fiendish malice of demons in human form! Picture to yourself an inoffensive sheep with the side opened, the caul torn out to dress a lamb for market, and the skin skewered over the wound to wait hours, perhaps days, for the merciful stroke which ended all, and then wonder as I do, that swift and sudden punishment does not overtake the offenders.

The trade is now moving to Texas, and there probably it will be still worse, for the lack of even public sentiment in those sparsely inhabited regions to control man's natural cruelty. Spanish bull-fights were fearful, no doubt, baiting animals terrible, but even those shows pale before these wholesale atrocities.

Almost in despair I ask what can we do?

RUTH HALL.

HENRY WARD BEECHER speaks of the Crow as follows.—

Aside from this special question of profit and loss, we have a warm side toward the crow, he is so much like one of ourselves. He is lazy and that is human; he is cunning, and that is human. He takes advantages of those weaker than himself, and that is man-like. He is sly, and hides for to-morrow what he can't eat to-day, showing a real human providence. He learns tricks much faster than he does useful things, showing a true boy-nature. He thinks his own color the best, and loves to hear his own voice, which are eminent traits of humanity. He will never work when he can get another to work for him—a genuine human trait. He eats whatever he can get his claws upon, and is less mischievous with a belly full than when hungry, and that is like man. He is at war with all living things except his own kind, and with them when he has nothing else to do.

No wonder men despise crows. They are too much like men. Take off his wings, and put him in breeches, and crows would make fair average men. Give men wings, and reduce their smartness a little, and many of them would be almost good enough to be crows.

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold.

When the good man dies, the tears are shed which he in life prevented from flowing.

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

BY SETH GORTON.

One who can't appear to advantage without trying to throw another into the shade, is not much of a man.

To live sagaciously in this world—steering between the passions and greeds of others—requires wisdom and goodness almost supernatural.

There is a great difference in men; and one measure is money. There are other measures; but generally they are lost or misplaced.

Ability lies in judgment, not in talk.

Most men act from impulse, and not from reason or judgment.

Trying to make serene, thoughtful, prudent little men out of little boys, is substituting in them mechanical action for what, among disciplined adults, passes for brain. It is, in fact, getting fruit first, and afterward the blossom.

We should often take an inventory of the blessings, the comforts and the solid advantages we have.

So long as we keep cool and control our feelings, we don't attract the attention of people; but as soon as we get into an anxious state of mind which we can't regulate, then people see the weakness, and become our critics and our enemies.

Every man has a world in his own head, and the world outside corresponds with it.

Let a young man learn to help himself first with his hands, because that is easiest; afterward, if he find he can help himself with his head, let him do that.

Common sense is nature investigated and obeyed.

When we know that we are soon to die, we call about us instinctively, as attendants, those who have clean hearts and pure intentions. In our last moments we permit the keen and selfish to stand aside.

Reason why dogs are such universal favorites—they have a good opinion of men.

Men dislike to be overshadowed by the personal greatness of others, be that personal greatness ever so retiring and modest. The modesty of greatness is not much felt by the common mind.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Written on the occasion of the Meeting of an Agricultural Club.

RESPECTED CLUB:—Your humble petitioners, Buck and Berry, take the liberty of addressing a few words to your honorable body, although it makes our hearts quake to mention the dreadful word Club, which is the cause of all our woes.

Dear sirs, we are willing animals, and wish to do our duty, and we know that the end of our creation is first to work for you, and then to roast for you; and all that we ask of our masters is that they shall teach our drivers to use a little more brains, and a little less club, in the process of our education. The fact is, gentlemen, it is sometimes so hard to understand the clubman's language.

For instance, when he says to us, Git-up-gee-wo-back-come-along-boys-hi-up-Berry-wo-back-darn-your-pieter-haw! it seems such a long word, that we get quite confused, and while we are trying to understand it he thwacks us over the head with the club, and then we are frightened and stand still, and then he bangs again, and then we back, and then he swears and bangs till we don't know anything at all.

Now, if you would tell him to say one word at a time, and teach him that a long switch is just as good as a club to explain things, we should not only do more work, but, being relieved from the constant strain on our nerves, we should be more contented, and, consequently, make fatter and tenderer beef, which last is the highest aspiration of

Your humble servants,

BUCK AND BERRY.

The English sparrows in New York now number half a million.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

ABUSES ON CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., March 18, 1870.

MR. EDITOR:—I have often thought that I should like to communicate to some one interested in your cause, what I have witnessed in this vicinity in the treatment of mules which draw the boats on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. This canal runs from Alexandria to Cumberland, Maryland, about 200 miles. As it skirts the river just below us, the tow path affords an agreeable walk in summer, but by what I have seen there, the inducement to set foot on the spot is nearly taken away. Almost every mule in use is chafed and bleeding under the collar, and around the necks of some mules a projecting welt has grown, whereon the collar rests. I cannot believe that this disgusting result is occasioned by any necessity, but that it is due to indifference and heartlessness. If the matter were once ventilated, we should see whether the owners of the boats or the drivers of the mules are responsible. I presume the canal corporation is not responsible. In fact their tow path, in exposed places, is planted with trees. Those on the tow-path near Georgetown have generally been killed by the wearing away of the bark in consequence of the boats being fastened to them. This exposure must aggravate the sufferings of the mules. When the navigation of the canal is resumed, which will doubtless be shortly, it would be well if some correspondent of yours would make observations and report. The obscure business of driving canal-boats probably leads those concerned to suppose that the condition of their animals will never be publicly noticed.

[There is a movement to secure a society at Washington, which will doubtless apply a remedy when organized; but will not some friend of the cause make an effort at once to effect a cure, by whatever law now exists, or by other means?—Ed.]

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

Mr. Sumner recently offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Agriculture to inquire what legislation is necessary to provide for the proper transportation of cattle on railroads in the United States, so as to provide them with sufficient water, space and ventilation.

Mr. Sumner stated that he had received a letter from the secretary of an agricultural society, giving such an account of the barbarities practised upon cattle in being transported from the West to the East as he had no idea of. The horrors of the passage on these cattle trains had no parallel in the middle passage of any slave-ships. The wholesale inhumanities visited upon these unoffending brute beasts were fearful, and the consequences upon the public health by having these diseased cattle thrown upon the market were disastrous.

The resolution was then adopted.—Exchange.

WANTON DESTRUCTION.

Editor of Our Dumb Animals.

The newspapers tell us that travellers passing over the plains on the great railroad to California often amuse themselves by shooting buffalo, deer and other game that may come within range of their rifles.

What ideas of amusement must that man have, who can shoot down a noble buffalo, intent on gazing at the locomotive with a mingled feeling of awe and curiosity, and convert his powerful organization into a mass of bleeding, ghastly corruption, of no use whatever, except to feed the ravening wolf or greedy buzzard. If a hunter kills a buffalo or deer for meat or skin, we have nothing to say, but to shoot them in mere wantonness, or put a bullet through their eye to show his skill as a marksman, we submit, is unmanly, cruel and wicked. We earnestly protest against it, and call upon all kind-hearted and good men to sustain us in our position, and to join in petitioning the directors of the railroad company to put a stop to this inhuman and disgraceful practice.

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A SIMPLE flower may be shelter for a troubled soul from the storms of life.

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